Leaves of Silence

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Poems and Micropoems

Ram Krishna Singh

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The volume contains most of my poems and micropoems composed since the publication of *Knocking Vistas And Other Poems* (2024). The short poems include haiku and tanka which continue to happen in the spirit one may notice in my earlier poetry books. While there is a reflection on something or the other in the depressing contemporary human condition and chaos, there is also an exploration of who we are and what we are, with search for sense in senselessness. The snippets of our complicated existence find images rooted in nature and physicality with whispers of the soul.

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09 September 2025 **R. K. Singh**

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POEMS

1. TWIN FLAME

I doubt I meet someone
my soul reaches out
to one another

the souls that were one once
cross path to connect
with twin flame we are

friends lovers and mates feel
they've known each other
for ages as one

despite havens of hate
media carnage
like souls keep meeting

I run into strangers
discover the destined
pairs becoming whole

2. KNOW AND MOVE

Each one
an event in oneself
part of the whole:
we live in the world
the world lives in us

resurrected
from death to life
from life to death
implicit time
not designed

but designing
quest courage love
hope faith beauty
nature universe god
all fused within us

delayed revelation too
part of living
taste the rage
know and move
the destination waits

3. IN CHAIN

The way to soul
my body my prison
can't escape its dictates
and fly to divine

the doctor keeps vigil
the mind flutters
the heart needs care
whatever the prayers

time degenerates
all dreams pious or vile
I am I forever
in chain for salvation

4. LOVE-HATE

The ship deserts
I'm no deal in life
none care the lost man
the karmic love-hate

sea waves stop breathing
I land on ice grave
the body shuts down
to realign with self

5. TRAGEDY

Luck frequency
doors closing just as
I reach for them
as if the universe
saying “not yet”

to whatever
I want shifting forces
hostile so long –
nothing has changed
nothing changes

6. TALISMAN

Walking in secret
along a path I don't trust
see silver lining
near the end of life cycle
beginning a new cycle

hazy harbinger
of freedom from plans falling
apart house of cards:
talisman blocks recurring
misfortune bringing windfalls

aren't I torn between
the mysterious inside
and fecundity dreams –
tempting moments and memories
run into mirror of silence

7. ORACLE

Sense a wave building
in a corner in mind –
hush before thunder
can't name what's in offing
a shift seems aligning

impulsively resolve
to change the destiny
buy a compass pointing
in one direction
unspoken emotions pull

not seen on surface
movement goes on beneath
the oracle sees:
she leads the path opening
I feel further lost

8. LASTING MARKS

No stress is mine alone
my children echo it too
sperm cells carry genetic marks:

nature's default choice
in sensexual womb
both saint and beast cohabit

challenging life and essence
transient interludes of
happiness and nothingness

9. IMAGES

TV screen
programmed to preview
ahead of time
what's coming next
if you're ready

choose before
it's too late or change
the course even if
things work out for you
future isn't set in stone

flickering images
no different from shadows
in the March heat wave
dragon fire swallows each
wild orchids blooming spring

10. TRADING

Once animals were a threat
now we've become animals

with fears anxieties uncertainties
we fight flight or freeze

turn inside or escape routes
arouse gods and goddesses

burn with flaming breath
and trade in ancient wisdom

selling nature in newer ways
announce God realization

develop trademarks and secrecies
penile codes and exclusivity

awakening kundalini
nirvana salvation mukti

11. GENERAL ELECTION

General election:
voting the same prophets
attired differently
aspiring the same throne
proclaiming the same faith

their revelations
desecrate democracy:
hidden holy books
they sit over with black guards
vying to excel the others

12. ABANDONED

With divided heart mind and colours
deluded and dumb millions still blind
to politicians peeling their flesh
layer by layer like onion

take pride in the knife that cuts them to core
get cooked in debris of myths and history
for kites and vultures of caste and sect

now more vulgar breeds of tyrant flourish
under the same sky they are gashed peels
the abandoned bodies the rotten souls

13. NO NEW FLAME

Mind weird
all dreams ceased –
break up

love's messy end
one more dating
or suicide

hooked on pills
getting dumped
no new flame

14. LIFE UNLIVED

I'm an after thought
in my own city
excluded forever

left to strangers' pleasure
along broken roads
disappearing footpaths

dust and accidents
from construction sites
to stuckness of home

I fracture the spine
of my diaries and lament
life unlived in years

15. IN PATNA

I've been waiting for the moment
someone finds me worth loving
even carried my two books
for the moment but ended up
in hospital for managing
the least poetic COPD
that warns how unlovely a soul I am

I ask them for early release
and learn to manage survival
in crashing stock market
of self-same fame in dark mind
lonely nights days and
rejection galore
rising from ritual smoke

16. FIERCE RAIN

Roaring monsoon
in four days wet walls inside
smelly pillow
awake all night tearing pain
in legs and declivity
of mind and feeling in dark
unwrap my being

17. SYSTEMIC ROMANCE

Where is room for sublime
in Trump-Modi era
if we talk about
grief trauma social justice

liberation health job
happiness in a culture
of divide and rule through
trade war and extremism?

comics of history
in lanes and by lanes
search lingams for new world
threat murals of mutiny

recreating new forms
unearthly light and space
in old tales sacred for
visions of my-country-first

I don't share their tangerine
nor stream in their landscape
even if I'm consumed
in bleakness of fire or flood

18. CELEBRITY

Your name will die with you
if you pride in moving
across crowded room
with free scotch scratching
nude back of 2-minute friends
who smile to find way
deep inside you and
whisper between twisted sheets

19. CASUAL MIRACLES

A little thought
in a moment
the day happens

like a brief smile
casually exchanged
stirs life long love

or a flap of
butterfly's wing
triggers tornado

20. HURRY

I was in hurry
and went out without zipping
my pants she observed

like I stare big boobs
or shapely hips that arouse
music in loins

I hear her whisper
quickly hide behind the stack
and do up my fly

21. WON'T WE?

Not feeling like to cook
she says let's eat
just milk and roti
set alarm have a quickie
and retire rise early
and begin a new day
with kisses in car
won't we?

22. GRANDDAUGHTER

My daughter
asked her 6-year old
to stay with grandpa
and take care of him
she said she won't
he's a difficult
project to handle

23. SOLITUDE

Little birds
collect on the railing
seek no water or food
just talk how the day went
and fly back to their nests

here I am
slouch at the 6-inch screen
stay cut off from sunlight
dream fertile solitude

24. MORNING

Silently
she reads newspaper
he sips tea
nobody knows
what goes on inside

till the maid
arrives and asks him
to raise legs
for swiffering his space
she gives a stern look

25. DULL NOTES

Dull notes of life
await re-ordering –
rhythm and pitch
behind closed walls humming
to search my own music

shake the silent soul
before the final beat
create symphony
merging truth and dream on
lips and eyes that are alive

26. HERITAGE

Rechristened streets or cities
with Hindu names make no history
nor erase the Muslim past

they assault country's culture:
diversity of lived glory
politics of pain joy and care
liberatory future

in hate game add to frozen hearts
no discourse would heal:
memories may fade but won't die
like I die every day yet live

27. DREAM RIPPLES

Who left the rabbit's foot
at my door to uncover
the hidden secret
whispered in hazy dawn?

missed chances add up
to the lost path through corners
overlooked for fear
of diminished abundance

in the race for living
by hesitating
and not exploring what's new –
intentional ripples:

broken myth models
incomplete processes
the soul griming in
slimy degeneration

the mirror of truth
the gap within and without
the trust deficit
the tumbling ground I stand on

28. GELID MORNING

Her gelid look
haiku refuse to rise –
winter's landscape
twirled leaves on the wind's waves
itch fissured memories

words shape no sense
and mind spins helplessness
in cold quietude
bones creak in aging cage
await final decay

29. SLEEP DIVORCE

She shuns the normal the erotic
the normal December darkness

without me in another room
withdrawn to mobile listening to

old songs on YouTube not answering
my distress call sleeping or awake

she thinks words are poison in silence
and touch tastes shit she hates to suffer

she curses memories of the first night
I breathe longings shuffle eerie hours

30. ADVICE

Pundits prohibit sex from
seven days before journey
and moon in the south to keep
from unseen damage and death

they also say don't travel
northward in midnight westward
at dusk and eastward at dawn
boeings fly their own schedule

crossing countries and cities
deserts oceans hills mountains
I carry no weapons eat
and drink in flight whatever

she offers with smile I can't
shun thoughts of sex turbulence
or smooth on reaching destination
look for pleasure denied at home

31. NO EREMITION

Sleep slips the moment
my head hits the pillow
nights turn a rotating door
of wake-ups at 2 3 or 4 a.m.
the next day it's all frazzled

body's disrupted natural rhythms
the blocked sleep hormone
spikes in blood sugar and B.P.
enlarged prostate dying libido
mind wrecked without rest

no eremition no mantra works
to revive or reconnect
pre- or post-sleep divorce
negating nightmares distressed self
and dream disorders

that couldn't be new memory
or poems with mad imagery
making sense in waking hours
I can't bounce back from the brink
love humming beneath the surface

32. WOLVES HOWL

My face
darker than before –
wolves howl
at the lamb whole night
for muddying water

echoes rebound
images of blame
snowball in mirror:
I keep my distance
and don't cry wolf

33. I'M A POET

I appear vague to seekers of sublime
curate moments of mind-body dissonance
that's why I'm a poet

I don't see a tiger in dog or zebra
but hear varied sounds rippling through colours
that's why I'm a poet

I suffer the nights of sunny days ahead
of anal witch dripping red with allergies
that's why I'm a poet

I know my tongue to reveal the concealed
say the unsaid nativizing the form
that's why I'm a poet

I merge truth and dream with psychic echoes
put things together in ways no one does
that's why I'm a poet

34. INTERMISSION

I taste a poem or two
and fuck my dis-ease tell my flesh
a new fallacy for night
to keep moving steal colours
puncture vanes to breathe few more days

when I proceed to other world
you will feel my presence in history:
I'm enough for someone to love me
my happening impacts
in spite of seasons regime or age

35. SHADOWS

Be the weather windy or calm
and roads rocky or winding
shadows don't change colour

the sky didn't shake with bird's feathers
falling when it was flying:
a mother made the bed for her baby
hiding her wingless body
under a sun-bruised tree

36. HOLE IN GRAVE

I grow wings to become a bird
on bed rising to dream in a room
that couldn't be church to breed hope:
end up a small hole in grave
no sun reaches to raise me again

37. AFTER DEATH

Bury me if you want to keep me alive
gently plant a night queen over my head
roses on the both sides to keep love fragrant
and regain warmth from the cold little earth

38. OLD FILES

I burn my years and erase
memories that couldn't be stacked
against the wall of a broken home

I'm too old to hold out long
the fall is certain
and the burden too much

I can't be a hostage to the past
nobody would buy
the smoke is momentary
and the heat hurts none

let me live life through my self
doing nothing thinking nothing
just sitting silently and watching
time takes care of the rest and life too

39. ABSURD MAZE

Here they make a hue and cry
threat adversaries of direct action
to save *sanaatan* from vandals
desecrating the idols with hammer
painting slogans to decimate
a generation gone wild in *aastha*

bulldoze shelters lynch or burn
for sins of ancestors or homes here
the macho blokes mad in power
can't show an image of what they've done
to save fellow brothers in neighbourhood

keep looking for greener pasture
in Europe and America that shun
spreading further darkness for natives
trapped in apocalyptic ruin
with dystopian designs they all play
games of survival in absurd maze

40. FREEDOM

There they reign
the devil part of the earth
in God's name
validate sins of ages
build towers to reach new sky

on cow's back
launch satellites to spy
old humans
that fuss about sunset
without the king's permission

what's left now
of history disintegrates:
fire in ash
breathless millions suffer
unseen lashes of freedom

41. LOVELY AS EVER

Lovely as ever
a woman and a tree
feeding hungry mouths

shelter birds and beasts
nurture men and spirits
shower bliss on all

whatever rotten
stand firm in all seasons
lovely as ever

42. TWISTED MEN

Searching love
from wild into the sea –
skeletons
make myriad faces
no autopsy reveals

the right gear
to crush marathon race
twisted men
after years of disuse
left with women online

43. SCARY WORLD

Sacred map –
no sense of direction
lost again
the message in numbers
the way in 434

the twin flame –
missing the connection
scary world
feeling isolated
yet hope to get better

44. ASSAULT

The geometric assault
on the mount of moon
criss-cross with health and fate lines
each morning Saturn
directs neighbouring planets
how best to cripple
a river before it could
reach the ocean bed:
the folds and faults hide bitter
drops to manoeuvre
climate change resistance and
the poet's toxic mind

45. BLOODY

I don't know his gender preference
maybe straight gay or bisexual
he mingles with many
even seems funny
I don't worry if he ends up
in misery with freezing
his eggs or preaching free-sex:
his blood is upon himself*

(*cf. Leviticus 20:13)

46. HONEY

Sex with non-productive females
tastes like honey that's tried on the spot:
it's spoilt easily
with climaxing curls and chewing motions
Kali* eats the eggs of the host
and keeps the fragrance alive

(*cf. The bee Braunsapis Kaliago, named after Kali, eats the eggs of its host. The honey it produces is quite thin and spoils easily.)

47. FREAKY BODIES

Mood of the moment
seductive in dullness
eternal eros:
changing constantly inside
now says she hates my scent

taunting the old pain
in the brothel of bed
kitchen or shower
she fears the freaky bodies
snaky arousal and peak

through sucking hisses
thuds and soft screams repeated
in sync dripping down
until next round of silence
with back to each other

48. BODY'S NO PICNIC

Not too many issues
yet enough to upset
the mind of men and women
in postlapsarian world:

she blames me for changing size
shifting shape and cracking bones
aching joints and sleeplessness
menopausal ups and downs

she kicks me out of bed
saying my body's no picnic

I know it's difficult
to be a woman and wife
working and making home

I may be no saint
in your eyes but I never
tried to remake you
in my own or God's image

I can't give birth like you
nor can I stop the changes in you
I've no miracle pill

your body your anger
I love you as you are
let's carry no useless weight

49. ABRUPT NOTES

Intentionally layered
internally fragmented
queer antics:

she builds up her own
sexual toolkit to prove
how coward man is

she sees a rapist
in each man detests
the male smell but trusts
one night stand
with deep thrust
long erections
and climax control
for blood to soak smoothly

she sits shrouded
in her see-through pink gown
on the terrace
inviting autumn winds
for longer stopover
just to accuse the artist
of invading her body

she curses a young bull
for obstructing her way
in the street shouts at hawkers

and yet another
at eighty reimagines
with snaky radiance
to break a new dawn

my friend says
the dynamics change:
there's a before
and an after
to feel life

I say yes but I'm tired
of walking and writing
what I watch

I'm no tout to comfort
or restore the faith
of a dwindling flock in heat
culling is convenient

50. NEW BIRTH

They seek light so much
that they forget
life begins in darkness
in less than a drop

they make deities
without divinity
bully the spirit
with murky designs
in flashlight engrave
new mantras

celebrate seasons
nature never creates
be it new moon or full moon

on the river's bank
bury the aged martyrs
for sins of heresy
hidden on the walls
raised to proclaim
a new birth of God

51. DÈS VU

Obscenity
feeds energy to temples
they raise to carve
history of search
for future politics
share fullness of 'whole'
through 'holy' and hold
what I can't hold
words fail to stay cool
in containers they prefabricate
for moments that define
dès vu or craxis

52. TREACHERY

I couldn't be a crook
nor could I escape those
hiding in plain sight
plotting discord betrayal
and long pain as pillar of

family support
whispers of jealousy
echo aloud their
deeper intent to downplay
darts of treachery

in autumn of age
wave goodbye to love and faith:
twist the kids with hugs
and measured words to conceal
new cliques that shrink

future legacy
and dynamics of peace:
I seek solace in
Camus's absurd my silence
and indifferent universe

53. HOW LONG?

Didn't I waste my life
working hard pouring myself
into my work and
helping others rise?

from outside it looked
I had it all together
but inside? totally drained

made more enemies than friends
living years without love
for myself never felt
it bursting in life

I survive in silence now
but for how long?

.

54. BEGGAR

Eternal beggar:
always asking God for help
in everything from
meeting to love-making and
managing daily affairs

escape from tension
fear harassment worries
uncertainties and
host of issues challenging
self ego and confidence

for survival God
a convenient tool:
ritual faith hope
prayers in apathy
fulfillment of desires

to enjoy wondrous
bounties on the earth
now or life to come
hereafter with the blest as
ordained for the satisfied

55. TRUMP

Ungoverning
the master of chaos
Donald Trump

each truth vulgarized
each dream crashed down

Americans see
he's his own enemy
the barking Labrador
biting his own hand

56. TARIFFS

Monsoon flood comes with cloud bursts
this season landslides couple
with Trump's tariffs to destroy
all trade and love-hate game
they paint gossip for hours
leave gaps between void and
recognition for boojum

57. CEASEFIRE

Israel strikes Evin prison
frees political dissidents
in Iran seeks to change regime
that launches missiles in Qatar
to retaliate for US
bombings of three nuke centres
in fear Trump declares phased ceasefire
on Truth Social and continues
his pursuit of Nobel for Peace
threatening Iran and backing Jews
that keep bombing new targets
to survive Iran's nuke-missiles

58. ACHING DEFIANCE

Floating clouds
fickle impulses
sparrows peck
life's torrents in streets
that stand still in lies

every day
pray to faceless God
repeat griefs
that hardly change truth
of restless legs

seeking roots
running non-stop just
to survive
queer trivialities
traps of miracle

before rain
returns to weary
town deserts
armless bodies rise
in aching defiance

59. NEW RACISM

Caste and religion
in food dress and colour –
glowing fault line
sustain leaders and uphold
nation's after-image

much before they script
new jihad for romance –
racist purity
in a cracked mirror each one
looks for share in the grabbed moon

god too is annoyed
to see design gaps in
bipeds delivered:
their genitals stink with
dumb head and bruised grapefruits

MICROPOEMS

60. FOUR-LINERS

i.

the world appears
a joker's smile
in a distant crowd
nobody knows who's who

ii.

God-sent she said
when I met her first
now she says
hell with you

iii.

painted feminity
jelly fish rising from deep
no good luck gropers asked
not to touch the cleavage

iv.

minutes before
the head hits the pillow
libidinal no:
existential terror

v.

she has closed her mind
and body too:
doesn't let me in
the door to heaven locked

vi.

I see a wind
waving the tree tops
in dark whisper a psalm
for my magic mirror

vii.

sultry morning
the bell rings in neighbour's house
I wipe my specs
overgrown branches

viii.

clouded sun at dusk
signs off the day's chapter:
season's first rain
hope for cactus too

ix.

searching connection –
barber's chair loss of hair
itching memories & hazy mirror –
sun touching water

x.

sealed vial
a product of time I am
cut open & see
how life spends me

61. HAIKU/SENRYU

ageing faces
morning walk in multiple
manifestations

****

two bulbuls
between hibiscus
weaving nest

****

a sewer rat
invading the backyard –
deceit's shadow

****

small changes
shadow in darkness:
betrayal

****

dormer window
entrance to stray cats:
kittens in roof gutter

****

crunch of feet
buzz of lawn mower
owlish gaze

****

kitchen door
a crow shits on the head:
cauliflower

****

green wave
cabbage and carrot:
kinky backyard

****

feeling caged
ghetto existence
craven paths

****

mazy passage
a hole in the stone –
secret exit

****

rekindled
the heart's flame flickers
tends the way

****

shared joys
making of memories:
dolphin leap

****

Karwa Chauth
calligraphy of desires:
candle-lit dinner

****

sound vibration
collapse of energy field –
loud Holi hymns

****

lips to toes
searching touch all night
sheets flutter

****

psychic echo –
we both long for love
at the same hour

****

post-sex morning
feverish delight –
empty womb

****

shattered pieces
half-emptied wine glass –
kitchen brawl

****

missing
her gentle touch –
sleep divorce

****

meditation –
chaotic energies
pass me by

****

in the clouds
reading his future:
late autumn

****

heightened vibrations
moon hides one more secret –
horoscope reading

****

change wristwatch
set new time and date –
autumn breeze

****

too much moonshine
hangover persists –
foggy tongue

****

alcoholic holiday
visa for Londonia –
fancy embassy

****

snake-bite in dream
searching anti-venom –
Satan's new hunt

****

uncertainties
wrapping around –
hidden feelings

****

April sickness:
couldn't penetrate
the night's darkness

****

howling echoes
turn me a late-night wolf:
new moon again

****

diesel smell
the mini-generator –
sleepless night

****

3 a.m.
a pale moon from window –
insomnia

****

voice fragments
whisper through silence –
solitude

****

acid rise
some gastric tension –
her tea touch

****

out for the season
without gloves picks big apples –
French grocery store

****

self-image
scared to see in own
anal blood

****

reminiscing
chilled spots on pajama
before dinner

****

rain cloud
flashes through her laughter
lighting turns paradise

****

feeling stuck –
tears dry up without words
working mother

****

the pain of fish
swimming in still water –
candle upside down

****

hiding white hair
henna and coffee paste:
stained fingertips

****

water spots
shining in sun –
winter skin

****

unmindful –
facts without motive
her school stories

****

no birds sing
in the sunless sky:
mourning trees

****

the depth
swallowing life –
rain puddles

****

time pauses
just for a breath –
COPD

****

post-dinner walk
in drawing-cum-dining room:
KBC*

[**Kaun Banega Crorepati*, a prime time tv serial on Sony Liv]

****

distant hills:
behind the brow
rising moon

****

mountain air –
emptying fluttering heart
divine wafts

****

62. TANKA

her beauty
earth colours for songs
high mountains
my long walks conceal
the tendrils reveal

****

forbidden
the enormous two hills
she carries
with grace lets me rise to kiss
the peak and be fulfilled

****

Shiva and Shakti
our freedom in union:
twin flame of love
rolling in grains of sand
transcending together

****

stains of honeymoon
the sun and clouds:
sky's gentle embrace
time can't erase
hues of passion

****

standing on a cloud
look through an open doorway:
desires awakened
before I could step inside
the door closed I missed my chance

****

seeking some light
into dark crevices
of the body:
choked spaces weigh heavily
with many things inside

****

too hot tonight
the full moon starring in
soap opera:
sex drama and regret
clouded light from the window

****

at the village well
windlassing filled buckets
two newly-weds share
their first night with hubbies
and blush in dim darkness

****

unquenched thirst
more and more indulgence
momentary pleasure
she says it's enough now
rein the horse and seek the missed

****

half-drunk women
on one side of the road
pimps in the other
ready to seize first-timers
to the tin box by street lamp

****

deserted street
a clown looks intently
blood-streaked cow dung
no one sees how he trips
over the muck and laughs

****

roaring clouds
before the downpour
dancing trees
behind the sliding glass door
life's the same as yesterday

****

a blue dragon
descends to my home:
maiden benison
plant the sapling now
the curtain rises

****

each morning
repeat the same prayers
fresh hibiscus
at the altar
fumes of years

****

waiting too long:
café in the morning
park in the evening
seems she chose her own path
now meet as different people

****

too small
fleeting lives
in limbo:
twinkling stars don't care
my lonely terror

****

quiet emptiness
heart's way to thirstless mind
missing delight
rising midnight whispers
shapeless ghostly thoughts

****

a healer says
my suffering not my fault:
Karmic imprint
pay him twenty dollars
break free the past weight gain

****

each time I'm born
I make new memories –
the load rises
so much inside calcified
with new hieroglyphics

****

no benison
the grace period –
scrolling 'X'
trolls mimic brawls falls
adrenal fatigue

****

fifteen long years
on Facebook & Twitter:
the cult of fame
without fan following
a media orphan

****

uncurable
online gambling
compulsive pressure
alone lies on the sofa
plays game with impunity

****

the artist's discourse
an oracular image –
one more drinking class
dark deity and cold coffee
exotic mural thirst trap

****

rabbit's foot –
a sign of danger
or good luck?
from dream to waking
animus meaning

****

lunar eclipse –
tv experts predict
deaths by blood moon
meditative tantric rites
freedom from evil forces

****

neighbours fight
over a few flowers
plucked in the dark
crossing over the gate
locked for safe Nav-ratri

****

God has become
a habit in helplessness
faith a deception
when unable to enjoy
love life and wonders of world

****

anal bleeding –
overweening reliance
on faith healing
leshies inside astray
limping hope and hairy age

****

icy water
stabs my body in dark:
Mahakumbh
I hold on to the rope
my soul trapped in me

****

a frog jumps
into sewage water
flooding the Ganga
in Banares they promised
to clean year after year

****

stranded between
non-stop rain and flood
devotees swell
pitchers on shoulder
water for lingam

****

road blockage
waist-high muddied water
death of light too
none care the raging fire
cars honk to move ahead

****

leaving behind
dog's poop in the morning
a childless couple
I witness from the window
in taunting sunrays

****

sick of kittens
peeing and pooping on doormat –
we fight who will clean
doing nothing cleans nothing
she blocks me out in bed

****

time to meet
cowalkers to share
last day's story
sunrise reminds
peace long gone

****

wafts of breeze
brief walk in the lane
quietude:
first breath on earth with cries
last breath in noiseless peace

****

A PROFILE OF POET-PROFESSOR R.K. SINGH

In the ever-evolving landscape of Indian English poetry, **Ram Krishna Singh** stands out as a singular, uncompromising voice. A poet, academic, and translator of rare integrity and conviction, Dr. Singh's journey from the spiritual city of Varanasi to becoming one of the most distinctive minimalist poets in India is marked by both quiet resilience and creative audacity. His body of work, shaped over decades, resists easy classification, challenging the aesthetic and thematic expectations of Indian poetry in English.

Born in 1950, Singh belongs to the generation of Indian poets who came of age in the post-independence literary environment – navigating the tensions between inherited tradition and global modernism, between rootedness in Indian ethos and the freedom of expression that English afforded. But unlike many of his contemporaries who gravitated toward ornate or politically overt forms of verse, Singh's poetic evolution took a different route: toward brevity, introspection, and a haunting honesty that is as unsettling as it is liberating.

The Poetic Voice: Spare, Sensual, Spiritual

Dr. R.K. Singh's poetry is often described as minimalist, but beneath its brevity lies an intensity that invites, and at times demands, contemplation. Influenced by Japanese forms like haiku and tanka, Singh has been a pioneer in adapting these genres to the Indian context, both thematically and imagistically. His poems often capture fleeting moments – of silence, sensuality, spiritual doubt, or existential tension – distilled into a few carefully chosen words.

Books such as *My Silence*, *Above the Earth's Green*, *The River Returns*, *Sexless Solitude and Other Poems*, *Sense and Silence*, *New and Selected Poems Tanka and Haiku*, *I Am No Jesus and Other*

Selected Poems, *You Can't Scent Me and Other Selected Poems*, *Growing Within/Desăvârşire lăuntrică*, *Covid-19 And Surge of Silence/Kovid-19 Hem Sessízlík Tolkînî*, *Tainted With Prayers/Contaminado con oraciones*, *God Too Awaits Light*, *Against The Waves: Selected Poems*, 白濁: SILENCE: A WHITE DISTRUST, *Poems and Micropoems*, and *Knocking Vistas And Other Poems* have not only deepened his reputation but also expanded the boundaries of what Indian English poetry can encompass. Singh's verse strips language to its barest essentials, offering readers lines that are startlingly intimate yet universal. His haiku and tanka, often laced with erotic or philosophical undertones, evoke a mood that is contemplative, sometimes discomforting, yet undeniably human.

In a literary culture often dominated by expansive narratives and rhetorical flourishes, Singh's poetry reminds us of the power of the unsaid, the unadorned, and the unguarded.

The Academic and Professional Contributor

Beyond poetry, Dr. Ram Krishna Singh has had a distinguished academic career. He served as Professor and Head of the Department of Humanities and Social Sciences at the Indian School of Mines, Dhanbad (now IIT-ISM Dhanbad), where he specialized in English Language Teaching (ELT), specially for Science and Technology, and scientific/technical communication. His scholarly work, much like his poetry, is marked by clarity, precision, and a functional commitment to language as a tool of empowerment.

Singh has authored and edited several books and research papers on communication and ELT, advocating for a pedagogy that served Indian learners' actual needs rather than imported models. His contributions to English for Science and Technology (EST) professionals in India remain influential, as do his efforts to promote Indian voices within global academic discourses.

In addition to his academic and literary output, he has been active in the international literary community, with his poems

translated into multiple languages and featured in journals, anthologies, and academic studies across the world. He has also served as an editor and peer reviewer for various national and international publications, further reinforcing his stature as a respected voice in both the creative and academic fields.

The Man Behind the Pen

At the heart of Professor Singh's writing lies a deeply personal quest – a search for authenticity in a world that often privileges appearances over essence. His poetry offers a rare window into the life of a man who has never shied away from confronting his own contradictions. Whether addressing issues of sexual identity, spiritual struggle, loneliness, or the absurdity of institutional life, Singh's verse is marked by an ethos of vulnerability.

Raised in a traditional Indian environment, Singh has drawn from both Eastern mysticism and modern existentialism, crafting a poetics that is simultaneously rooted and iconoclastic. His work defies labels – neither entirely spiritual nor wholly sensual, not purely political yet not apolitical. In fact, the defiance of easy categories is one of the most compelling aspects of his voice. He writes not to please or persuade, but to bear witness – to himself, his time, and the subtle stirrings of the soul.

Even in retirement, Dr. Singh continues to write, publish, and mentor, engaging with both print and digital literary platforms. His resilience as a writer is matched by a quiet humility – he often distances himself from literary cliques and institutional validation, focusing instead on the honesty of the word.

Legacy and Relevance

In an era where poetry often bends to trends or algorithms, Ram Krishna Singh's work stands as a reminder of poetry's original promise: to illuminate the self, however complex, flawed, or incomplete. His minimalist style, far from being restrictive, becomes a form of liberation – for the poet and reader alike. It

pares down experience to its raw essence, forcing us to face moments of truth we might otherwise overlook.

As Indian English poetry continues to grow in diversity and global recognition, Singh's contribution remains both foundational and forward-looking. He is a poet for those who listen between the lines, who find meaning in the pause, the fragment, the gesture. And in this, Ram Krishna Singh is not just a poet of his time, but a voice that echoes beyond it.

Find him on X (Twitter) https://x.com/profrksingh, Facebook www.facebook.com/profrksingh, Instagram https://www.instagram.com/profrksingh/, LinkedIn https://www.linkedin.com/in/ram-krishna-singh-89019517/, Bluesky https://bsky.app/profile/rksinghindia.bsky.social, Academia https:// ismdhanbad.academia.edu/RKSingh, and ResearchGate https://www.researchgate.net/profile/Ram-Singh-64/research.

His blogs include https://rksinghpoet.blogspot.com/, https://rksingh.blogspot.com, https://profrksingh.blogspot.com https://profrksingh.wordpress.com/, and https://profrksinghlistofpublications.blogspot.com/.

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